POEMS.

UPON THE
Death of the most Honorable,

THE
LADY MARCHIONESS
OF
WINCHESTER.

By R. Graham Esq.

YORK.

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AD
Honoratiſſimum Dominum, Dominum Marchionem *Wintonienſem*, in obitum Illuſtriſſimæ Dominæ *Marchioniſſæ*.

Luctus Siſte tuos tandem, Wintonia; *Sponſam*,
Non Mors, Rivalis Jupiter *ipſe rapit.*
Inter Cælicolas titulo meliore potitur:
Dixeris Uxorem, dixerit ille Deam.
Quæq; Comes fuerit Sociali fœdere juncta
In Terra; Cœlis nunc Comes eſto Jovi.

AD
Nobiliſſimas Dominas, Dominas *Mariam* et *Elizabetham* de *Paules*.

Quid fletis, charæ Matris chariſſima Proles?
Quæ vixit, regnat non moritura Parens;
Et quot fœminei Sexus ſuperabat Honore:
Tot jam Cæleſtes auteit illa Deas.
In cælis Honor eſt; induto Numine gaudens:
Divina eſt tandem, quæ pia Mater erat.

TO THE
Rt. Honorable the Earl of *Wiltſhire* upon the Death of the Rt. Honorable the ~~Lady *Marchioneſs* of *Wincheſter*.~~

When our Illuſtrious fixed Star
(Turn'd Planet firſt) began to err,
Leaving the North, and then her Nation
To meet with her great Conſtellation;
We hop'd (as all Cœleſtials are)
Her motion might be circular;
Or, like great Stars might diſappear,
And Shine again another Year.

45. 6. 30. 1220.

But

But ſhe, by fatal Ordinance,
In *England* roſe to ſet in *France*;
And from her lower Circle there
Took flight into an higher Sphær,
That her bright Soul (by Heavens care)
In vehicle of purer Air
Might conduct have. Which Element
Er'e ſince (as if 'twere penitent
That it ſhou'd give malignant Breath,
And be found guilty of her Death)
Hath turn'd its clearneſs into Clouds,
And under Mourning daily ſhrouds.
Nay *France* (at laſt) now ſhames to ſee
Its Clime with Vertu diſagree;
And grievs the Heavens ſhould deviſe
Their Nation thus to Tantalize.
As if they onely ſent her forth,
That it might know, not have, her worth.
Her Fate in *Clotho's* Book was writ
In ſuch fair Characters, that it
Was plainly read at diſtance by
The Art of blind Aſtrology,
And dim Star-light; which bid us fear
A Northern Lady's fall this Year.
As th' Heavens did portend her Fate:
So they her Death do celebrate:
And all their blazing Lights diſplay;
Turning the Night to Holy-day.
Each Star's a Torch t' attend on her
Dead Hears, and gvide the Marriner.
Methinks at her Approach I ſee
The Britiſh channel turn'd dead Sea;
Salt water beyond cours fall low,
And each proud wave forget to flow.
Great *Neptune* ſhakes his watry Head,
As if his *Tethys* had bene dead.
Since She is dead ceaſe Nature hence
In one to croud all Excellence.
It makes our Loſs too great; the Prize
Too rich for pale Death's Avarice;
Whoſe greedy Jawes hath learn'd the skill
To make Diſtinctions; and will
Not take his Prey on what is Leaſt,
But what's both Greateſt and the Beſt.
And ſince there is not of her Sex
One left to fall Executrix
To all her Vertues, let them be
Diſtributed by Legacy.

TO THE
Rt. Honorable the Lady *Mary*, and Lady *Elizabeth Paulet*.

WHat greater Cure could *Jove* devise
To stop the flowing of our Eyes,
Then Her (for whom we wept) to shew
Now once again alive in You?
Successive Streams of Joy and Woe;
By Intervals our Hearts o'reflow.
Nay Contrarietys, we see,
May in one Subject lodged be.
For while we look, you see appear
In one eye Joy, th' other a Tear.
Since you, Great Ladys, do Survive
An happy Mother; Say, revive
Our dying Soules: Two Stars (tho' less
Yet) in Conjunction may bless.
Your Influence (methinks) doth give
Ease to our griefe, and bids us live.
By your kind Aspect we do feel
Fresh Vitals our dead Nerves to swell,
Our Hearts to move, a glowing Flame,
To kindle in our Hearts again
A new Devotion, a Heat,
That bids us once again repeat
Those Sacred Duties unto you,
Which were your *Goddess* Mother's due;
Or els at least (if 't urge no more)
As Relicts of a Saint adore.
Leave not that fair House desolate,
Which you, when present, Consecrate
Into a Temple; where all we
Desire your Worshippers to be.
Leave not your Votarys (just when
They may be said to live again)
'Twixt joy and grief, for fear we by
Your Absence do relaps and dy.
Great *Phœbus*, else prolong that Night
Before those Angels take their Flight;
And, if they needs must go away,
Sleep on, forget to rise that Day

FINIS.